

A Long Cruise
in
A Little Ship

By "The Mate"
[Eleanor A. Hollick Wells]

Yachting, Nov. 1913, Dec. 1913
pp. 246-248, 301-304

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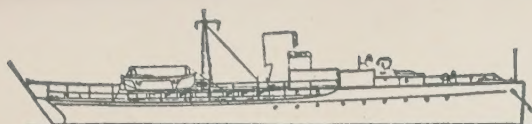
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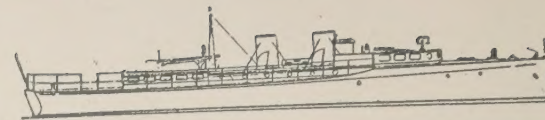
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self an' blow yer ugly head off afore I know it.' The skipper took up th' pen with a bad grace.

'Now,' says his reverence, 'write down as I dictate. McAuley Thomson, clergyman of the Seaman's Mission, Portland, Ore., is shanghaied aboard of my ship, Ezra P. Jackson, bound from Portland, Ore., to Queenstown, by Michael Kernigan, boarding-house master, of the former port. If any harm comes to the said Thomson, I hereby hold myself responsible.'

The old man penned the words as dictated, and I could see th' man of a sarcastic smile pass across his face as he wrote.

The minister makes him sign th' document and make two act signed copies, then he picks up th' papers an' th' bottles an' ps out on th' main deck, leaving us ter look arter th' skipper.

In a few minutes he returns to th' cabin agen.

'Now, captain, you are free, except that a proper entry of my napping must be made in th' log. See that you do it. You will probably be wonderin' what I did with th' papers you so kindly ote for me, eh?'

'Naw,' growls th' skipper, 'I don't care two damns what ye do. Stow yer gun, an' I'll hev great pleasure in makin' ye sit I'll log th' crowd o' ye for this. Mutiny on th' high seas is indictable—'

'Thanks, captain,' says Thomson, 'I know all about th' navigation laws—probably better than you know yourself, to judge your savory reputation. That, however, is not th' point—I about to explain to you my means for protectin' myself against n' hazed to death by yourself an' your gentlemanly mates. I've heard of bottle messages, captain,—yes, of course, you have. Well, captain, I've just put those documents of yours, signed in ur own fist, mind ye, into three bottles, sealed well an' corked at, an' lashin' them to three of your cork lifebuoys, have cast m into th' sea and the care of th' Japan Current. A lifebuoy h th' ship's name on it is a thing that is easily identified an' uly to be picked up. I am casting my bread upon the waters,

as it were, an' by th' time we arrive at Queenstown the world will know where McAuley Thomson is, an' you may depend that if anything happens to him there will be a great deal of trouble in store for your Portland friends and Captain McGregor.'

'Well, sir, we clears out an' leaves him speechless, and turns to an' does our duty—th' minister as well as th' rest of us, an' he turns out ter be a pretty good sailor, an' c'd hold his own with any man at reef, hand an' steer. He had made one or two v'ges afore th' mast afore he studied fer sky-pilotin', an' when he got his certificate fer that line o' biznes, he turns naturally ter lookin' arter th' spiritool needs o' sailormen.

'Mr. 'Robbins,' th' mate, was released an' sent aft, an' by th' manner o' him arterwards th' skipper must ha' told him ter be very careful in handlin' th' crew, as he become as nice as pie.

'In due time we arrives off Queenst'n, and afore he steps ashore th' sky-pilot steps up ter old Bully McGregor.

'Just a little present fer ye, captain,' he says, holdin' out some papers.

'The skipper glances over them an' looks up in surprise. 'Why, I thought you had put these inter bottles an' hove them over the side?'

'Thomson smiles. 'Well, no, captain,' says he, 'I'm sorry ter have deceived ye, but I really thought th' papers would be safer in my pocket than floatin' around th' ocean in a bottle. It's too bad about throwing your life-buoys away—'

'Aw—damn yer apologies,' yelled th' old man. His reverence steps down th' gangway along with th' rest ov us an' arter givin' us a little bit o' a lecture, went his own way.

'Two or three days later I sees in a Liverpool paper that th' warrant for Murdoch's arrest was served on Mr. 'Robbins' through the agency o' th' sky-pilot, an' he was taken in custody ter th' United States aboard o' an American ship.'

'And what became of the sky-pilot?' I inquired.

'Oh, he went back an' cleaned up Portland.'

The Month in Yachting

Concerning Speed Made at the B. I. Trophy Races

CONSIDERABLE comment has been heard on both sides of the Atlantic since the B. I. Trophy Race as to whether or not the speed made was in nautical or statute miles, and if the former, whether or not the course was accurately surveyed. It seems incredible that such a quick jump in speed should be shown between the previous performance of the boats and the speed recorded at Osborne Bay. In this connection we would say that the course was laid out in nautical or, as the English call them, sea miles, and it was said to have been accurately surveyed and marked by a reputable firm of civil engineers, and the times as given were undoubtedly in knots. In the contest Maple Leaf's best time for the entire course was 49.2 knots, or 56.4 miles per hour, while Ankle Deep's average for the three races was given as 45.38 knots or something over 52 statute miles per hour. We have not seen either of these boats make this speed before in competition, though it is said unofficially that Ankle Deep has gained that speed over a shorter course. What part the change might have played in attaining these higher speeds we do not know. It is probable that it may have contributed materially. It is also possible that some of the marks may have shifted, or that the course was shorter than supposed.

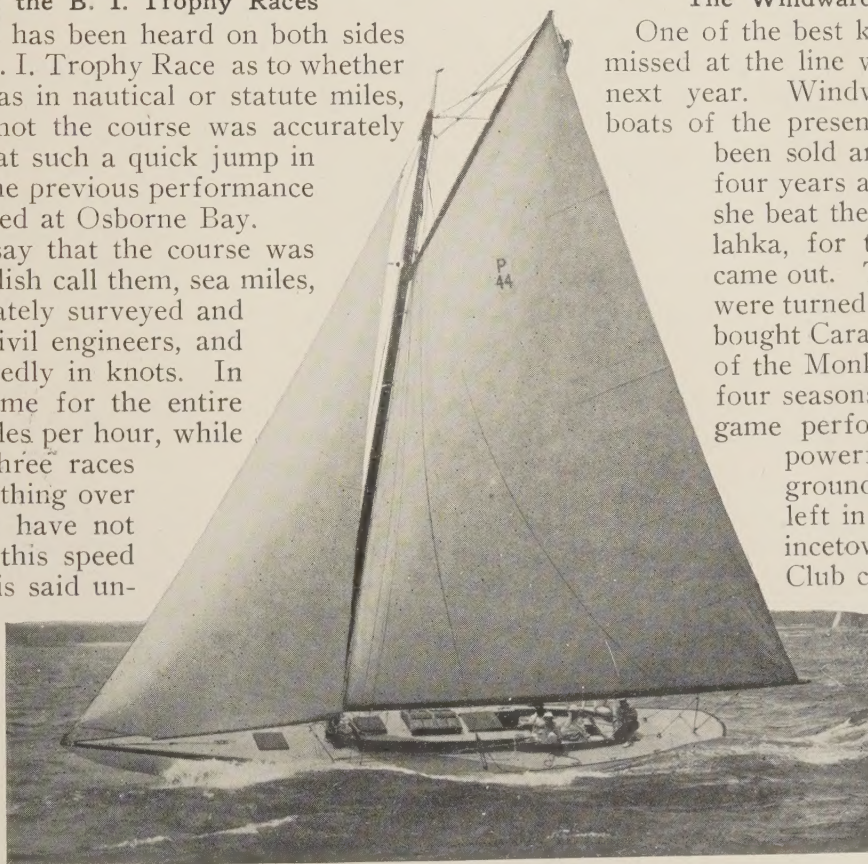
The performance of all the leading boats was nothing short of marvelous, and on two of the days conditions were ideal.

The Windward Goes to Halifax

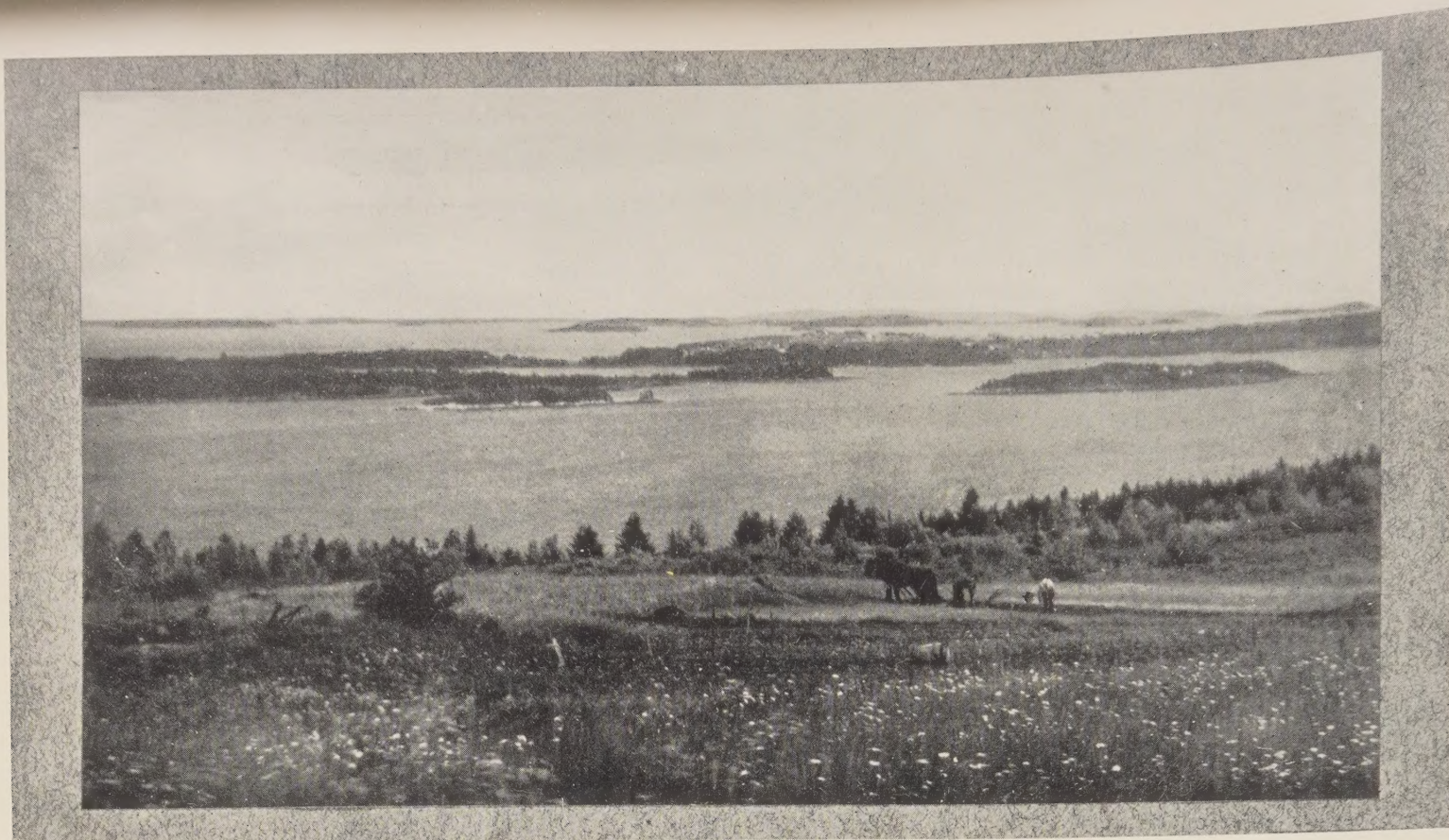
One of the best known boats on the Sound will be missed at the line when the first starting gun booms next year. Windward, one of the first class P boats of the present type in New York waters, has been sold and taken to Halifax, N. S. Built four years ago from designs by Wm. Gardner, she beat the Herreshoff Cara Mea, then Naulahka, for the Manhasset Cup the year she came out. The next year, however, the tables were turned and "Styve" Wainright, who had bought Cara Mea, beat her. Then in the hands of the Monks brothers she was raced hard for four seasons, and was always a consistent and game performer until the newer and more powerful boats forced her into the background. Just to show that there was lots left in her, she won the run from Provincetown to Marblehead in the New York Club cruise last summer, beating the entire fleet, schooners and all. Some racing for a 32-foot waterline boat—what?

As if to end her Long Island Sound career in a blaze of glory, she was sailed from City Island to Halifax in September by some amateurs from the latter port and made the 550-odd nautical miles in a non-stop run in 3 days 17 hours,

which is some traveling, 400 miles being on the open Atlantic. We shall miss her when the fleets gather next season.



WINDWARD, THE OLD CLASS P RACER, HAS BEEN SOLD TO HALIFAX



THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL AND PICTURESQUE ISLANDS OF CASCO BAY TO PORTLAND HARBOR

A Long Cruise in a Little Ship

From Maine to Sandy Hook in a Twenty-one Footer, and the Adventures that Befell on the Way

By THE MATE

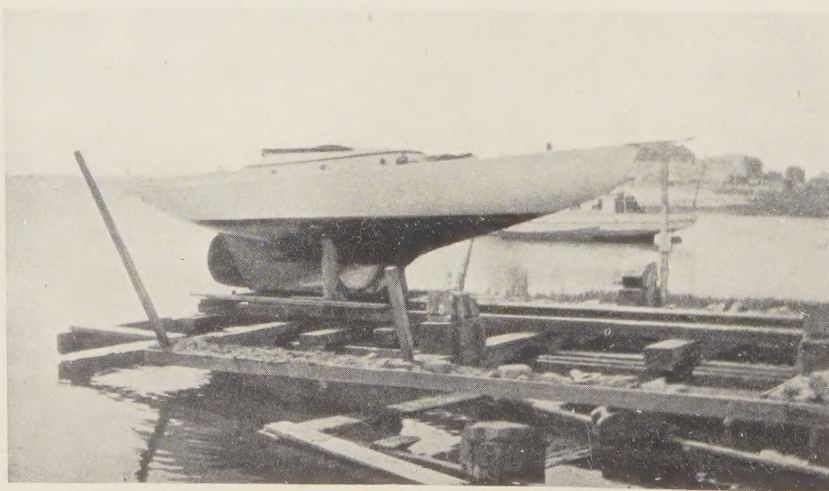
THE Skipper and I are numbered among those that started our yachting as small-boat sailors. The Skipper's first experiences were at the age of ten in a flat-bottomed rowboat with a sail, and he has been an enthusiast ever since. My own career as a sailor dates only from the time the Skipper and I decided to sign as shipmates for the voyage of life, and that was not very many years ago. However, under the tutelage of such an experienced sailor I soon acquired the rudiments of what is now our joint hobby, and the rest came with experience—is still coming, in fact.

My first lessons were in a little fifteen-foot Great South Bay catboat on the waters of Upper and Lower New York Harbor. We seldom were out more than half an hour, sometimes only a few minutes, before being drenched, and, of course, stayed that way till we got home, often after a whole day's sailing. This was the beginning of the toughening process which made possible the successful voyage of the *Widsith*, as hereinafter described. From this able little boat we progressed to a seventeen-foot cat, a "sand-bagger," with tremendous sail area for her size. We sailed her for a season. But one of the proudest moments in our career as "yachtsmen" came when we became possessors of a twenty-five-foot cabin sloop. She was a keel boat, a little old-fashioned in line, perhaps, but staunch and able, roomy and comfortable. The first boat of her type we had sailed, we got a great deal of pleasure and usefulness out of her, and, best of all, we learned the delights of cruising. Once you have tasted them there is nothing that equals them for you. In this little boat we cruised the length and breadth of Long Island Sound, and over to Block Island, besides short trips around New York and Jersey.

It seemed like parting with an old friend to sell the faithful little craft, but ambition still beckoned onward; so we resigned her to other hands and purchased a thirty-three-foot cabin knockabout of more modern and graceful lines, and having, of course, a little more room for the comforts of life, and a few luxuries besides. This boat happened to be located in Casco Bay, Maine, and the problem at once arose how to get her to New York. It did not take us long to decide to sail her down ourselves, and we were surprised to find that this decision met with the disapproval, in some cases, the violent opposition of our family and friends. The Skipper, however, answered all objections with the remark that if she couldn't make that trip he didn't want her, and if his first mate couldn't handle her they didn't deserve to have her; and so the trip was undertaken.

We had always superintended or done most of the fitting on our boats ourselves, and we soon found out by experience that doing it by correspondence is a very different proposition. It was that was something that could not have been helped, even had it been foreseen. We spent a whole day of our precious vacation after we reached Casco Bay, in overhauling, rerigging and arranging almost everything on the boat. Even then there were so many important things overlooked that we had trustfully expected the man in charge to attend to as directed. Now we trust only one but ourselves, and suspect everything of being badly done except what we have seen.

It was at eight in the morning of Wednesday, June 1, that our trip really started from South Freeport, on Casco Bay. We had a motor boat tow the first few miles, as it was calm and we were anxious to get started. Near Littlejohn Island we picked up a light breeze, and, casting off, e



"WIDSITH WAS A 21-FOOT KNOCKABOUT OF MORE MODERN LINES"

joyed a sail through the beautiful and picturesque islands of Casco Bay to Portland Harbor, anchoring off the yacht club there about noon. By this time it had clouded over and begun to rain, but we got into oilers and went ashore to a ship chandlery to get some equipment which we couldn't get at South Freeport.

Returning to the boat about one o'clock, we at once got under way, eating lunch on the wing, as the wind was light and we had no time to waste. We sailed slowly out of the harbor, with a light air from the west, running down past Cushing Island and Portland Head, where the wind left us and we found quite a swell on. After drifting along with the tide for some time, we picked up a little wind from the south, which gradually freshened, and we made good headway along the coast past Cape Elizabeth. When off Fletcher's Neck we were tempted to run in behind Wood's Island, but decided to keep on to Cape Porpoise. When nearly there the wind again went light, and, as it was about seven o'clock and cloudy, we decided to put into Cape Porpoise Harbor for the night, our chart indicating good anchorage there.

We picked up the outer channel buoy all right and headed for the harbor entrance. Here our troubles began, for most of the buoys seemed missing. We learned afterwards that they had not yet been replaced since the winter. We could see the lighthouse, and finally made out a beacon looming up in the darkness, which our chart did not seem to show. As there seemed to be good water on both sides of it, we were left in doubt on which side to pass it. So we went between it and the lighthouse, and felt our way during a good many anxious moments up the unknown channel. After we got well inside, we found a couple of buoys and saw the dim outlines of a fleet of lobster and fishing boats, near which we anchored for the night.

The Maine water is icy cold and the early summer breezes very keen, so we were both pretty wet and cold by this time, and our first thought was of something hot to eat and drink. The Skipper started to operate the patent kerosene stove, which we foolishly had not tested before starting. Without warning, it blazed up and was enveloped in flames which shot nearly to the cabin roof. Realizing the danger of an explosion inside, he seized the stove and made for the open hatch. He had hardly gotten safely on deck when the whole thing exploded, lighting up the harbor weirdly for a few moments. After it had burned out, examination showed it to be hopelessly out of order, and we were left with no means of heating or cooking anything. It was now about ten o'clock and the entire town seemed asleep—at least

we could see no lights, and had nothing to guide us as to any settlement on shore. So we turned in after a wretched supper of cold canned beans. We were cold and tired and hungry, and that was the most forlorn meal I ever sat down to. We tried to

drown our sorrows and supply the needed warmth with a generous dose of whiskey, but it was a poor substitute for the nice hot supper we had counted on.

Our first day's trip covered about thirty-four miles—not as much as we had hoped to make, but still a fair start.

The next morning, about four o'clock, we were awakened by loud shouting and "cussing" outside, and the Skipper made a dive for the hatch in time to see a small power boat, with an oyster skiff in tow, headed for us at a good clip. A man in the bow was yelling and waving his arms, but she came straight on and struck us a glancing blow amidships. The steering gear had become jammed, the men explained, and, apologizing in their rough way, went off, leaving us mourning over a crack in our starboard rail and a sad blemish on our white paint.

Sleep being banished thus rudely, the Skipper took the dink and rowed ashore in search of a hot breakfast, leaving the mate still shivering between the blankets. He finally found a small hotel, and, locating the proprietor by vigorous snores issuing from one of the windows, roused him and begged for an early breakfast. Having won a good-natured consent, he came back for me, and we went ashore to a six-o'clock breakfast. We never enjoyed a meal more in our lives.

Things began to look brighter now, and we set forth on a quest for a substitute for the ill-fated stove. The only thing we could get was a little old-fashioned kerosene stove with a double wick, but we were thankful to have even that. The harbor, now we could see it by daylight, was small and rocky, with a great rise and fall of tide. We were glad we had had our luck with us when we came in the night before, between the rocks which now showed plainly on both sides of the entrance. When we got back on board we planted the old stove with scant ceremony in the bottom of the harbor.

About nine o'clock that morning we started out under full sail, with a fresh off-shore breeze, and headed down along the coast. The wind freshened till we were driving along with our lee rail under water and smothered in spray. The Skipper, deciding to put in a single reef, handed the wheel over to me, but before he got the reef in he had to take in the jib altogether and put two reefs in the mainsail, and even then we had too much at times. We "skinned" the shores as close as possible to avoid rough water, and were repaid by the closer view we got of the beautiful coast as it flew past us. About noon we passed Portsmouth, and, looking out to sea, could see the Isles of Shoals. We snatched a bite of cold lunch without stopping, as no favorable place to anchor was available without going considerably off our course, and it was impossible to cook, hove down as we were.

It was nearly four o'clock when we came



SNEAKING INTO HARBOR



THE MATE TAKES A TRICK AT THE WHEEL



WIDSITH

abreast of the jetties running out from Newburyport, Mass., and, as it was so rough and was getting late, decided to go in there for the night, instead of trying to keep on around Cape Ann. We had to buck a strong ebb tide, and this, together with the heavy sea and head wind, made it hard work getting through the narrow entrance between the stone jetties, which didn't look any too inviting under these circum-

stances. There was one buoy in particular which we thought we never would get past; sometimes we would almost weather it, but lost on the next tack all we had gained. We finally made it, and, once inside, followed the channel markings, which are very plain, up to an anchorage off the yacht club. It blew so hard that we started to drag after anchoring, and the Skipper had to hustle out the heavy ground tackle. A stormy night threatened; and as we were tired, we turned in early, not going ashore at all. That night saw thirty-eight miles added to our record.

Friday morning we got under way after a six-o'clock breakfast, and worked slowly out of the harbor against the tide and with a very light wind. Outside we found a heavy swell, the result of the previous day's blow. We headed across Ipswich Bay for Cape Ann, making slow progress, alternately climbing up one side of the big rollers and sliding down the other, so that it was one o'clock before we got off Halibut Point. After some searching we picked up the buoys leading inside the breakwater and ran in past Rockport. Outside, to seaward, we could see the seas breaking on the dreaded Dry Salvages. Passing out from behind the breakwater, we bore away to the southward between Thatcher's Island and Cape Ann, with a fair wind. We passed the mouth of Gloucester Harbor and kept on for Marblehead. The waters here were full of beacons, spindles and navigation marks of all descriptions, due to the rocky character of the coast and to the many small islands; but the coast is picturesque and attractive.

It was five o'clock when we ran into Marblehead and anchored off the Boston Yacht Club station. The harbor was crowded with



"AFTER WE GOT INSIDE WE SAW THE OUTLINES OF A FLEET OF LOBSTER AND FISHING BOATS, NEAR WHICH WE ANCHORED FOR THE NIGHT"

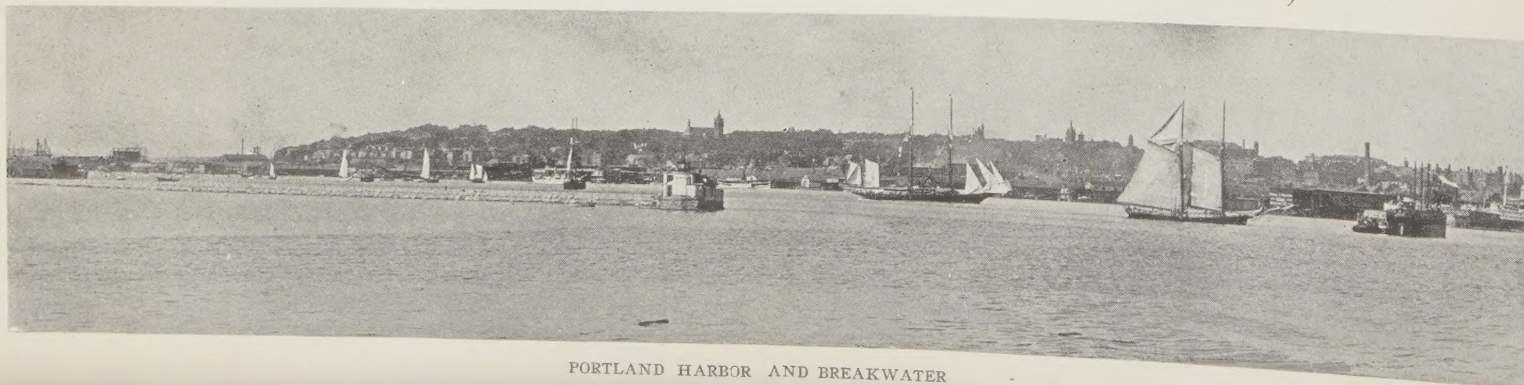
yachts of all sizes and descriptions, and presented an animated scene. After dinner on board we went ashore to get water and other needed supplies. In looking over our charts that evening we found that we had covered thirty-two miles during the day.

The following morning we were up early, and the Skipper went ashore to do some errands while I cleaned up the ship. When he came aboard we overhauled some of

the rigging which needed attention, and were under way again by nine. It was a fine morning, and we enjoyed the sail out past Marblehead Rock, having a brush with a couple of other boats on the way out. This was our first opportunity to try our speed against others of our size, and we were pleased to see that the Widsith could hold her own nicely. Our course lay south for Minot's Ledge Light, and we bowled along under a constantly freshening breeze. When we were off Boston lightship, about noon, we were driving into a sou'wester, smothered in spray. Before this we had made the uncomfortable discovery that our decks leaked quite a bit, and by the time we were off Minot's Ledge the captain had to pump out a couple of times, a proceeding difficult and somewhat risky, as the pump was in the deck and he had to stand with one foot on the rail. I had the wheel at these times, and what with trying to ease her so as to keep her nearly as possible on an even keel so that he could make the pump draw and still keep an anxious eye on him, I had my hands full.

We kept on under full sail, however, as the Skipper's pet weakness is a dislike to shorten. After passing Minot's Ledge we made a number of short hitches down the beach past Cohasset and Brant Rock, till about six o'clock, when we were under the Gurnet Point. The chart we had been using had become pretty well dilapidated by this time, owing to frequent drenchings. It was lying on one of the seats in the cockpit, where it would be handy for quick reference. As ill-luck would have it, a harder puff of wind than usual suddenly carried it overboard. I looked up from the wheel just in time to see it disappear over the coaming on its flight towards the British Isles.

(To be continued)



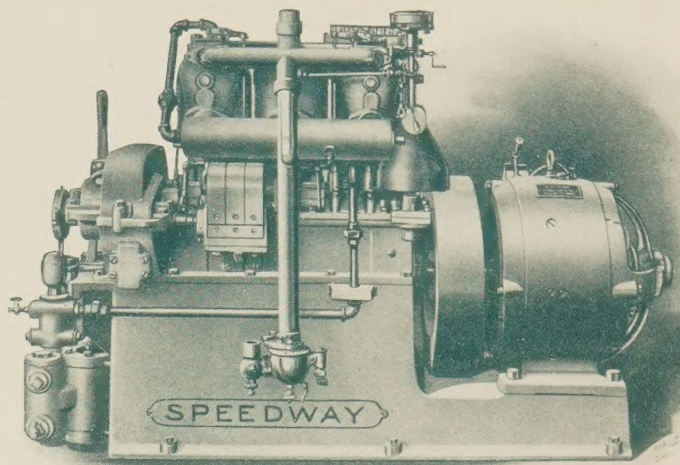
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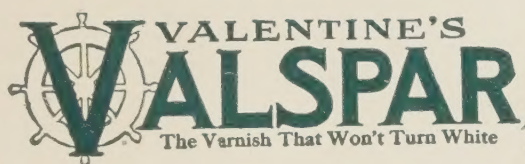
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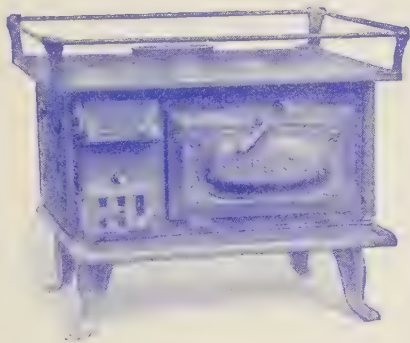
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A Long Cruise in a Little Ship

From Maine to Sandy Hook in a Twenty-one Footer, and the Adventures that Befell on the Way. Part II.

By THE MATE

The first installment of this cruise covers the trip from South Freeport, on Casco Bay, to Plymouth, in the little 21-foot knockabout Widsith, the crew being composed of the skipper and his wife. In beating down the shore from Boston toward Portland in a hard southerly breeze, their only chart of that part of the coast blows out just at dark, when they are outside of the Gurnet Light and not sure of exact position.

WE were now in a nasty predicament, as we had no other chart of that part of the coast, and there immediately arose a heated discussion, the Skipper insisting that Provincetown, which we were trying to reach, bore in a certain direction, and I declaring it to be in another. In fact, I had really caught a glimpse of the standpipe on the end of the Cape, but the Captain, with fine scorn, insisted that it was a vessel, as the Cape did not lie in that direction at all.

Having no chart and not knowing the waters, neither of us could prove our contention, so as it was fast getting dark we decided to make some nearby port as soon as possible. We were just seeing, just before losing the chart, a channel buoy at Gurnet Point, but had no idea to what harbor it led. We picked it up now and rounded it, following channel markings which is a red light.

Darkness overtook us, and the skipper, again handing the lead over to me, went up forward, swinging the lead every five minutes and shouting back instruction to me. In this manner we felt our way cautiously into the strange harbor in pitch darkness, nosing the mud a couple of times, but getting off safely without working all the while towards a group of lights on shore, which we took to be the town.

Suddenly we saw ahead of us the lights of a tug with a couple of barges in tow. With their searchlight they were picking up the boys and finding their way slowly up the channel. This gave us a lead, and we followed them in and anchored just to one side of the channel in about 12 feet of water. After a hasty dinner we went to bed and slept soundly.

Awakened first the following morning, and as soon as I became conscious was aware of a strange list to the boat. So I called the Captain, and we looked out to find ourselves hard aground in a perfect wilderness of eel-grass, the channel itself being the only part of the harbor with enough water to float in. We eased ourselves about breakfast, and by the time the tide was done we were afloat again on the rising tide. (I say tides haven't their advantages?) As we wanted a chart and some supplies we decided to move up the channel toward the town, which we could now see. In answer to our inquiry about an anchorage, some men sitting on a wharf shouted to us, and we soon came to anchor again near a steamboat which lay in front of what we later learned to be the yacht club. It was a very poor anchorage for any boat drawing over 2 feet, but it would do. A man came rowing past, and, as we were still in ignorance of where we were, we asked him what town this was.

In apparent contempt for our deep ignorance, he answered with great pride: "Why, this is Plymouth, where the Pilgrims landed in 1620; and over there is the Rock," pointing to a lump of rock under a stone arch. Imagine our chagrin!

On Sunday we couldn't find a store open where we could get a chart, but the members of the Plymouth Yacht Club were very kind and gave us a look at their charts. By this we found out that the previous day's trip had covered about 35 miles. At the club they also gave us some directions and advice, which made up our minds to start right out again.

The wind was blowing hard, so we tied two reefs in the mainsail and reefed the storm jib. Going out we found the channel narrow and

crooked but well marked. We passed several large power boats which had seemingly put in to wait for better weather, something we could not understand till we got outside ourselves.

We went flying down past the Duxbury light and then hauled on the wind and laid our course for Provincetown. Though not yet out from under the lee of the land we began to feel the force of the wind and encountered a hard chop of sea. By the time we were half-way out to the end of Gurnet Point we found the seas were very heavy; they would break aboard forward and deluge the cabin house and cockpit with spray. We held a consultation and decided that if it was so rough in here it would be still rougher further out, and so we turned back reluctantly, thinking it wiser to spend the day comfortably in Plymouth. This turned out to be good judgment, as it blew half a gale all day, and by the time we got back off the yacht club we were thoroughly wet down.

Being detained in this historic spot into which we had blundered, we decided to take advantage of the fact and see the town, so we went ashore bent on sightseeing. In the afternoon it started to rain, and after getting aboard again the Captain went into the yacht club to pick up more information. He was advised to stay in Plymouth until we got a northwest wind, and then to go directly around Cape Cod without stopping in at Provincetown at all. This they claimed would be quicker than going in and making a fresh start from Provincetown harbor, where you have to sail almost every point of the compass to get out. Adverse winds or tide, or both, if encountered off Race Point especially make it a tedious job getting round, so they said. However, we decided to stick to our original plan and go to Provincetown, anyway.

When we turned out early Monday morning we found the weather clear and the wind gone down to a light breeze. We got under way as soon as possible after breakfast, and running down the channel into Cape Cod Bay laid our course due east for Provincetown. The wind freshened out of the South, and as we got out from shore we ran into a mist which quickly swallowed up Gurnet Point, and for some hours we saw no land in any direction. Finally we picked up the tall monument on the end of the Cape, and the standpipe, and shortly after ran into the harbor and up near the long, high wharves, anchoring in about four fathoms of water, and adding twenty-five miles more to our record.

Provincetown harbor is rather rough for small boats like ours, especially with the wind in this direction, and as the breeze had freshened we found our anchorage rather uneasy. We were on the point of starting ashore when the Skipper noticed the revenue cutter Gresham just coming to anchor in the harbor. He had a friend, a young Lieutenant of Engineers on the ship, so he took the dory and rowed over to see if he was on board. Finding him there he visited for a few minutes and then returned with an invitation to dine on the Gresham. We were glad to accept, even though we had no "glad rags" for the occasion. We spent a very enjoyable evening and gathered some valuable information about our coming trip around the Cape, besides which they gave us a chart to replace the one we had lost.

Three o'clock Tuesday morning saw us up getting breakfast, and by a quarter to four we were under way to take advantage of a fair tide and moderate northwest breeze, which was just the condition we had hoped for. We worked around Long Point, Wood End and Race Point, keeping quite close to shore and making good time, and then started sheets for the run down the coast. The captain pulled the "dink" up on the stern, so we would have that much less drag, as every little bit helps in a long run of 70 or 80 miles, such as we had before us. We kept track of our speed by checking off on the chart the "dink" time.



"WE RAN INTO THE THIMBLE ISLANDS"

saving stations as we passed them. They are many and close together on this exposed strip of shore, and one sees them nestling in the sand dunes, sometimes almost hidden from view among them.

About noon we were off Chatham Bar at the south end of the Cape, where the wind went flat, and we rolled and slatted around aimlessly for a while, till it came up out of the southeast. The tide was starting to flood, so we decided to beat down along the shore of Monomoy and take advantage of it going through the Slue. A large sloop carrying light sails was off Chatham Bar about the same time we were, and she made a long hitch off shore to go around Pollock Shoals Light vessel. When we made Pollock Rip lightship, we met her again and came through side by side to Shovelful lightship.

By this time the wind had hauled and was blowing up strong out of the southwest. This, working directly against the strong tide, made a rough and nasty set into which we dove. At times when the sloop was in the trough of a wave we could see nothing but her sails, and we must have been almost invisible to her a good part of the time. Once I saw those aboard of her looking back after us with their glasses to see how we were getting on, but we were making about as good weather as they. They took in everything except mainsail and jib, but it was so rough now that we decided to lug sail rather than try to reef where we were. It was one of the roughest stretches of water we had encountered and we had a thorough shaking up. We took practically no solid water aboard but were smothered in heavy spray all the time, and though we had the hatch and cabin doors tightly closed, knowing that our decks leaked did not tend to make us very easy in our minds.

After we rounded Shovelful light vessel and started to beat to windward for Handkerchief lightship, we found it so rough and were so wet that we thought best to abandon our first plan of going on to Vineyard Haven, which was 26 miles further, and make for Nantucket only 16 miles away. Besides, we could see Great Point, Nantucket, on the horizon, and any old port looked good to us then, even though it was a little out of our direct route. After a long, hard sail during which we had to pump out frequently, a risky and arduous task, as the pump led to the side deck instead of the cockpit, we reached the entrance of Nantucket Harbor and squared away to run in between the jetties.

The poor dinghy, which we had put overboard again off Monomoy to give us more room on deck, long before this time was half full of water and had been a serious drag, but it was abso-

lutely impossible to bail her out in that. She was yanked along, standing on her most of the time, and several times we thought we would lose her. But the painter was still new rope and held all right. It was a great relief to get in between the jetties, as it was the smooth water we had had in about five hours. We ran in behind the lighthouse and dropped anchor near the town dock in a well protected spot in about three fathoms of water, completing our longest day's run.

When we opened the cabin doors a cheerful sight greeted us. There were four inches of water above the cabin floor and everything portable was floating around in it. To make matters worse, the kerosene had shaken out of the stove and we could see the oil floating around on top of the water where our belongings were swimming. We pumped out, put cushions, blankets and things to dry in the yard and started the stove inside. In about an hour we had the cabin fairly presentable again, pretty well dried out. We debated whether to go ashore for dinner and to spend the night at some hotel, but we were both too tired to put on shore togs and row in. By the time

dinner was over we were more than ready for our bunks, so turned in after a strenuous day in which we had made a run of 70 miles in 14 hours. We felt that having rounded the Cape, the worst of our voyage lay behind us, as the run we had just made was the longest stretch on which there was no port into which it was convenient to duck.

We slept late the next morning and awoke to find it a beautiful day, but with no wind. We went ashore to get some stores and look around the town, which we found a quaint and interesting place. We regretted that we could not linger on the Island and go over to 'Sconset, but as we had hoped to make the whole trip in eight days and were already three days behind our schedule, we felt we had to get on.

About eleven o'clock we got under way with a very light breeze, but soon found we could not get out of the harbor against the flooding tide, so we had to drop anchor again. About one o'clock a nice breeze came up out of the southwest and we started at once for Vineyard Haven, laying our course from the end of the jetty across the shoals to East Chop. The run seemed tranquil and peaceful in contrast to the tumult and hard work of the previous day.

We arrived off Oak Bluffs about five-thirty and were tempted to go in to Lake Anthony, but as the breeze still held good we kept on. We were told later that Lake Anthony affords good anchorage for boats of not over five feet draft. Keeping on past East Chop we ran into Vineyard Haven harbor and up to the breakwater at the inner end, behind which we found excellent anchorage in about ten feet of water. It was a short day's run and we only added about 26 miles to our log.

Vineyard Haven seems a veritable graveyard for ships. We could see two old wrecks going to pieces in near the shore, and the remains of others on the beach, and one schooner lying near the heavily laden with lumber was evidently abandoned and in a sinking condition. We heard later that she had run aground on Hedge Fence, a dangerous shoal near here, and had sprung a leak and had to be towed into the harbor. As we went out the next day we saw a schooner in trouble, evidently aground off East Chop with a revenue cutter standing by.

It was with a moderate southwest wind that we rounded West Chop the next morning, headed for Wood's Hole and beat down past the Elizabeth Islands. The day was slightly hazy, but we could see Gay Head standing out in all its beauty in the distance. Passing Cuttyhunk we could make out Vineyard Sound lightship dead ahead, but it was getting hazy rapidly, and by the time we

the lightship we were completely shut

the lightship we laid our course west-
so as to bring us up just inside of
dith. We sailed along on this course
ral hours with a fresh breeze and in
ea, and then began to look for signs of
r all we could see or hear we might have
only living creatures on this side of the
we did not see even a sea bird. It
ly four hours after losing sight of the
in the fog before we saw any sign of
ll, and then we passed a government
outward bound from Newport.

after this the haze lightened a little,
saw Brenton Reef light vessel to lee-
l then Narragansett Pier ahead. We
se up to Point Judith Neck and then
ad headed for the end of the point.
At six o'clock the wind petered out and
rolled around, making little progress, as
there was kept slatting out of the sails
ed. Soon after dark we rounded Point
and picked up the lights at the en-
the breakwaters built here to make

of refuge. Working our way in we found several tugs
s laid up for the night, besides half a dozen or so small
he latter were lying well up in the outer curve of the
er to be out of the way of the tugs, so we dropped our
them, and while the Skipper made things snug for the
prepared supper. Right after this was disposed of we
and had a good night's rest, finding it a very comfort-
orage. Thirty-seven miles was added to the growing
our trip by that day's sailing, and we were now back in
waters.

morning we were up for an early start, only to find a
with the water like glass. It is a curious coinci-
t, though Point Judith has rather a bad reputation for
ter, the three times we have been there we found it
calm. We took our time over breakfast, and then gave
thorough scrubbing down and overhauled some of the
About nine o'clock we saw signs of a breeze outside and
once. We had hardly steerage way for a while, but
to work slowly down the coast toward Fisher's Island.
uple of hours the wind freshened, and we worked down
ch Hill and entered Fisher's Island Sound about two
t seemed like a millpond to us there, after having been
long, and we experienced a feeling somewhat like re-
ocean sailing was over for a while.

a nice run through the Sound, passing New London
asure craft of all sizes and descriptions were running
he boat races. We rather wanted to go, too, but figur-
w much the delay would cost us, we resisted the tempta-
went on past. We did not gain much, however, for
o'clock the wind again went flat and left us about three
h Saybrook breakwater, where we were trying to get
night. The tide was running out strong, and we soon
selves starting to go backwards, so the Skipper got out
k and towed in past Hatchett Reef to Hatchett Point,
anchored near the shore, knowing that if it came on
e could easily run in behind Saybrook breakwater.
rage proved a most uneasy one, the boat rolling a good
ount of the amount of traffic going past from the races,
d to pull the "dinky" up on the deck across our bow
peace at all. The distance run that day was 34 miles,
ny luck at all in the way of wind we should have made
than that.

y dawned with but little wind again, but we got under
to make all the distance we could. We ran slowly
Saybrook, and passing inside Long Sand Shoals were



"THIS IS PLYMOUTH, WHERE THE PILGRIMS LANDED, AN' OVER THAR'S THE ROCK"

off Faulkners Island about noon. The sun was very hot, and
as we drifted along we decided to take a swim, it being the first
time since our start from Maine that the weather had been warm
enough to make one inviting. There were three other small
yachts becalmed near us, and about three o'clock one of them de-
cided to get the "dink" out in front and tow, and soon we were
all following suit. The Captain had not been employing the ash
breeze very long, trying to get into the harbor at Sachem's Head
when a freesh breeze came up and he tumbled aboard again. We
trimmed our sails and ran into the Thimble Island, as we were
running short of provisions and wanted to see if there was any
mail for us at Stony Creek. We anchored in the harbor off
Money Island, under the watchful eye of "Leo the yachtsman's
friend." Owing to the light wind we had put only 22 miles be-
hind us in the whole day's sail, which was disappointing in view
of our haste to get home. We had intended to stop only a short
time at the Thimbles and start on again, sailing that night. But
when we got back from our marketing expedition we found a flat
calm again, so decided to stay where we were.

Sunday morning we arose early only to find the same light
wind we seemed fated to encounter ever since leaving Point
Judith. We got under way at once, but it was slow work, and
by one o'clock we were only off New Haven. The balance of
that day and the next one we encountered a continuance of the
same light conditions, and we worked slowly down the Sound at an
irritating speed, finally arriving at College Point Monday night,
just too late to get a tow through the Gate; and as it was getting
late and the wind went light, we went in behind Hunt's Point to
spend the night. We have laid over night both here and at Col-
lege Point, and found them both wretchedly dirty and uneasy
anchorage. The constant stream of traffic in and out the Gate
keeps one's boat always rolling, and the water is so dirty, that
white paint is in bad shape after only one night's stay.

Tuesday morning we were at breakfast by four-thirty, and by
five were sailing around looking for a tow. We signaled several
tugs with schooners in tow, but they seemed to think we were
too small to bother with. We were getting disgusted and almost
ready to start through by ourselves, but the wind was light, and
we were held back by the memory of one time when we were op-
posite Astoria in the midst of the busy morning traffic, lost our
wind and started to come through stern first. It was a most un-
comfortable experience and one we did not care to repeat, so we
lingered around and finally, off Riker's Island, a tug came over
and opened negotiations.

Of course their first demand was exorbitant, but the Skipper



"NANTUCKET LOOKED GOOD TO US"



THE SKIPPER



A SHELTERED CORNER OF THE COCKPIT

was too old a hand to be caught napping, and by a good bluff of indifference and independence he finally made a favorable dicker with the tug's captain. After a short look around to see if they could pick up a schooner or two, the tug returned alone and passed us a line that looked big enough for a steamer. The Skipper made it fast, and after warning the tugboat pilot not to go full speed, we started. We were afraid that being so small and light they would tow us under, but the heavy hawser acted like a spring, and we came through very comfortably as far as that part of it was concerned. The crew seized the opportunity, however, to clean fires, and the soot and cinders poured back on us, covering

our decks and sails and us until we looked like a couple of heavers.

When we got to Governor's Island we cast off and paid and started in to clean ship at once. On the way down we passed near one of the Staten Island ferry boats, and our friends on board recognized us in spite of our dis appearance. At Stapleton we went ashore and telephoned family of our safe arrival, and then started on the last leg voyage to Great Kills, where we anchored about one

Our trip altogether figured out about 403 nautical miles was one of the most interesting of all our yachting expe

The Two Sisters

By JOHN ALLEN CHASE



CHUNKY and squat, stubby and apple-bowed as any old-time whaling ship, sixteen years old and looking much older, there is nothing at a casual glance to attract one's attention to the dingy little 85-tone lumber schooner Two Sisters, of Sackville, N. B.

Yet kicking under the stern of this seedy looking "wood boat" schooner, as they call her down east, are two modern 22-inch three-bladed propellers. Under the cabin in the run, one on either side of the keelson, are two 7½-horsepower single cylinder

Mianus engines turning up some 485 revolutions a minute and propelling the vessel through the water at a rate of 3½ knots an hour when loaded and 5 when light.

Twin screws on an ocean liner, a man-a-war or a palatial steam yacht would quite naturally be expected, but to be found aboard

a little old lumber craft like the Two Sisters is both unusual and unexpected. The cause is not far to seek. Tides in the Fundy and on the St. John River attain in some places a rate of 7 to 8 miles an hour. For a small, blunt-bowed schooner to buck these, especially against a head wind, is no very easy matter if it is at all possible. As a result Captain Prichard of the Two Sisters decided to transform his ancient craft into an auxiliary motor vessel. So he installed the two 7½-horsepower Mianus engines. This was two years ago. From the first the venture proved a success and a number of other small schooners have followed his example until at present they are considered nothing unusual about the ports of Fundy Bay.

They do attract a great deal of attention, however, when by chance they come around to some harbor in the States, and do occasionally, freights to ports in Massachusetts being taken.

The Two Sisters is nothing more or less than a hollow shell. The hold runs clear forward to the bows and to the stern beam. There is no fore-castle. All hands sleep in the high-

(Continued on page 321)



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A. H.

⁶ By "the Mate," *Yachting*, Nov. 1913: 246-248; Dec. 1913: 301-304, 13 f.

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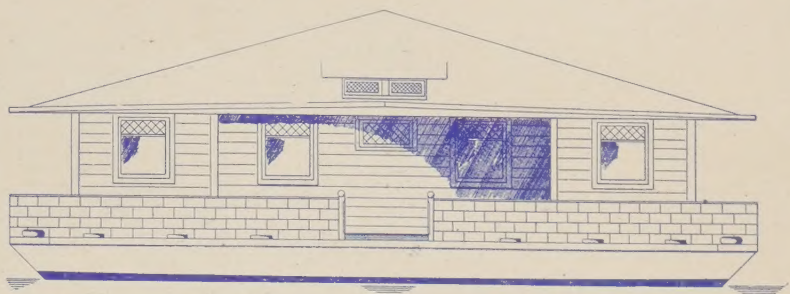
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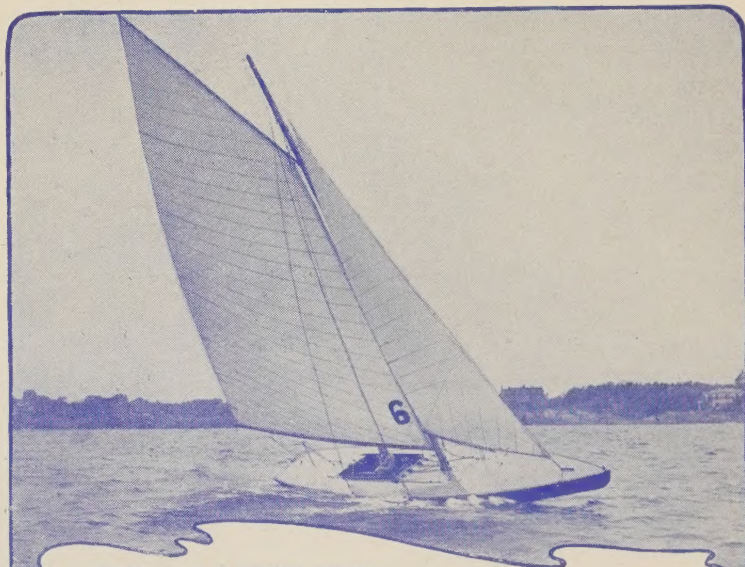
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